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TO those interested in Chafing Dish Cookery, and Chafing Dishes, we extend an especial invitation to examine our recent productions in this line. These dishes are of superior quality, constructed of hard metal, silver soldered and very heavily silver-plated.

GORHAM MFG. CO.,

SILVERSMITHS, BROADWAY AND 19TH STREET.

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of Beef

Is made from the flesh of the best Cattle reared expressly for this purpose by the Liebig Company on their extensive, fertile grazing fields in Uruguay.

The greatest care and strictest cleanliness prevail in every department of the company's works, which are under the constant supervision of their own chemists. This vigilance in looking after every detail, beginning with the cattle on the hoof and extending to the finished product in the jars is one secret of the reputation and success of the world-known

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef.

Unapproachable in odor, fine flavor, and wholesomeness. Keeps perfectly anywhere. FOR DELICIOUS REFRESHING BEEF TEA. FOR IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY.

HOLLANDERS

290 FIFTH AVENUE.

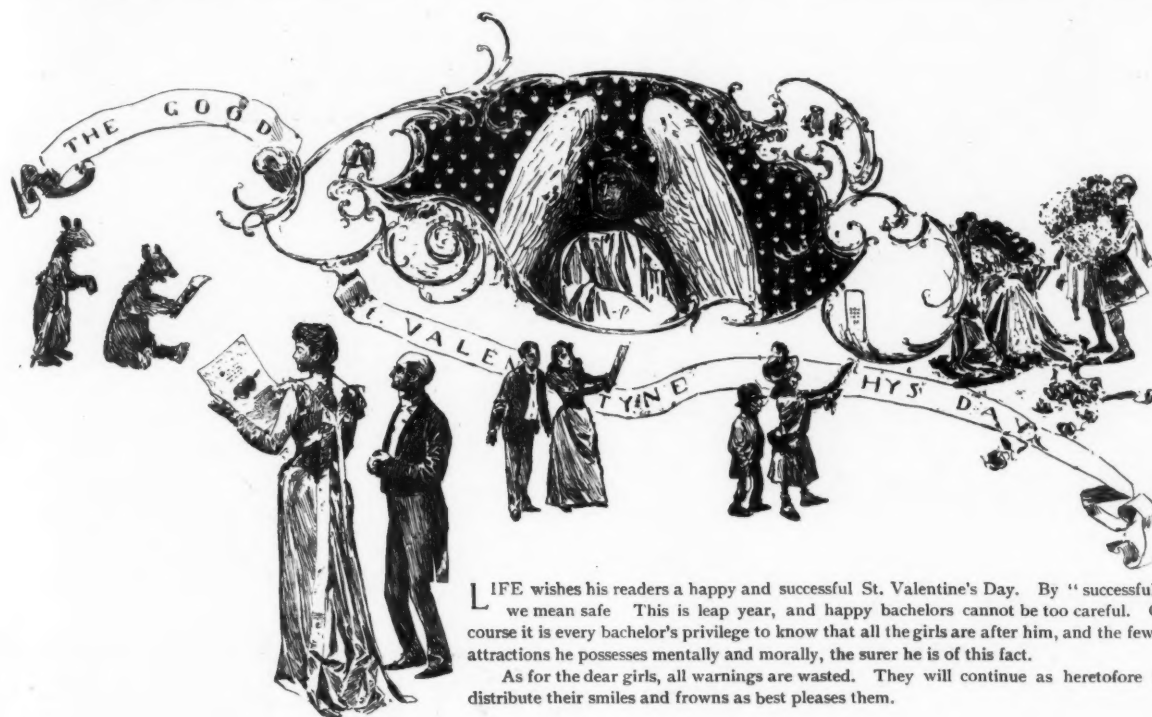
WE are now prepared to take orders for

LADIES' DRESSES

FROM ALL THE

New Spring and Summer Materials in Novelty Woolens, Figured India Silks, Challies, the new changeable effects figured Surahs. Also the new Cottons, Cotton Crepes and Gingham.

OUR PRICES until March 1st will be considerably less than after that date.



LIFE wishes his readers a happy and successful St. Valentine's Day. By "successful" we mean safe. This is leap year, and happy bachelors cannot be too careful. Of course it is every bachelor's privilege to know that all the girls are after him, and the fewer attractions he possesses mentally and morally, the surer he is of this fact.

As for the dear girls, all warnings are wasted. They will continue as heretofore to distribute their smiles and frowns as best pleases them.

FEBRUARY XIV.

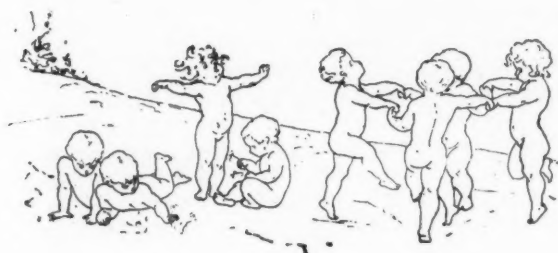


— IS there a lonely bachelor,
Ætât twenty-nine,
Or thereabouts, who longs for
love,
And wants a Valentine?
O Cupid, in your rounds to-day,
If any such you see,
I wish you could, somehow, contrive
To let him hear of me!

For of those billets-doux, all lace
And rosy wreaths, to trail
Across the verses that unfold
Love's old delicious tale,
Not one has ever come to me,—
No swain has fondly sighed
In prose or poetry, a hope
To win me for his bride.

But yet if any word of truth
Lie in the jest that Fate
For every mortal on this earth
Has set apart a mate,
There must be somewhere in the world,
A heart that's meant for mine,
And this shall let the owner know
That I'm his Valentine!

M. E. W.





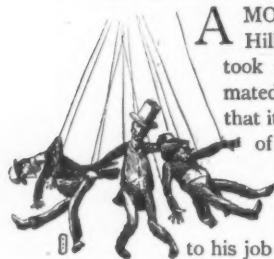
"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XIX. FEBRUARY 11th, 1892. No. 476
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A MONTH or two ago, in view of Senator Hill's departure for Washington, LIFE took a tender farewell of him and intimated rather than expressed the pious hope that it would not be necessary to take leave of him again for some time to come.

LIFE's feeling was that it would be better for all concerned if the senator would stick close to Washington and to his job there, and let the State of New York jog along awhile by herself. So far from sticking close to Washington or to his senatorial duties, the senator has not only been back to New York, but has managed to make himself about the most talked of man in the State. It has become obvious that if the Democrats of the country shall presently determine that they want Mr. Hill for their candidate for President, no false modesty will prevent him from acceding to their wishes—which is of course only another way of saying that if sitting up nights and staying awake day times will secure the nomination, Mr. Hill intends that it shall be his.

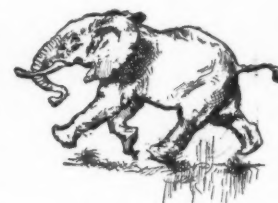


DAVID is shrewd and very industrious. He believes in the good old rule about taking and keeping, and that has made some unkind people say that he is unscrupulous. But the truth is that he is a very scrupulous man indeed, after his lights. He is scrupulously polite for one thing, especially to his friends, and scrupulously careful that whatever is brought on to the political table shall be so divided and served as to give the most satisfaction to the greatest number of those whose legs happen to be under the board. The fact is that David is a sincere believer in the spoils system, and has the courage of his belief. He doesn't believe that public office is a public trust which a citizen ought to undertake if his fellow citizens insist upon it. He thinks that politics is a mighty interesting

pursuit, and that men who chose to undertake it are entitled to all the prizes that can be got out of it under the rules. It is not a game that he is playing merely for money. His ambition is higher than that. He is after fame and power, just as many pretty decent sort of men have been before him. So far as is known there is no smirch of personal pecuniary dishonesty upon him. His enemies would say that he is too smart to steal because he knows he would be found out, but even if he merely believes pecuniary honesty to be the best policy, it speaks well for his discernment that he should know it, and for his discretion that he should live according to his knowledge.



MR. HILL stands in bold relief just now as the foremost figure in a glittering political success, a success not so satisfactory in quality as in size, but incontestably endowed with glitter. The successfulness of success is proverbial. Just how far Mr. Hill's success will carry him is the political question of the hour. To get the benefit of his success while the glitter is still fresh on it Mr. Hill has provided that the delegates from the State of New York to the Democratic National Convention shall be chosen several months earlier than usual, on February 22d. The delegation then chosen will undoubtedly vote for him in that convention. The Democratic machine in the State of New York is his, heart and soul, and also teeth and nails.



WHAT shall the harvest be, brethren? Is Mr. Hill the sort of leader that we want? Is his sort of Democracy the sort we believe in? Are his qualities Jacksonian, or are they a composite of adroitness and assurance? Are the people back of him, or has he merely captured the State machine? At an anniversary dinner the other night Mr. Depew told how Commodore Vanderbilt said to him twenty-five years ago, "Chauncey, politics don't pay; railroading is the business of the future!" Politics ought to pay. High political success in this country should be glorious enough or sufficiently grateful to the soul of a conscientious citizen, to counterbalance the greater pecuniary rewards of railroading. But the question is, are D. B. Hill's politics the sort that ought to pay? Would his success mean anything more than a reassignment of the offices, and a gradual reorganization of the national Democratic machine on the same lines that have made the State machine so serviceable to its owner. Mr. Hill is nobody's fool. It is silly to underrate either his strength or his ability. But are there not possible candidates about whom there are not so many anxious questions to puzzle over? LIFE thinks there are. Certainly there is one.




She: YOU SHOULDN'T SQUEEZE MY HAND, GOING OUT OF THE THEATRE. WHEN I SQUEEZED BACK I MEANT YOU TO STOP.

He: ME—I—WHY I—I—DIDN'T TOUCH YOUR HAND!



Valentyne

 hat can I send for Valentyne.
 What can I send, Oh! sweetheart mine,
 To tell the love I have for you.
 To show y^t still my love is true
 And ever to you doth incline?
 What fancie can I now entwine
 To tell my love in every line?
 To prove my love, so old yet new,
 What can I send?

To send my heart I did design,
 But found it not, 'twas long since thine
 And since thou art my mistress, too,
 Of all I think, or say, or do,
 Of every thing I am, in every line,
 What can I send?

H. H. Bennett.



ECONOMY IS WEALTH.



NOW that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have interfered in favor of the Fifth Avenue stage horses, they may suffer less in slippery weather. But their rich diet will probably remain unchanged. The convenient piety of this company forbids running the stuffy old vehicles on Sunday; but the piety is not of the kind to prevent its making life an agony for the brutes that haul the

buses by keeping them in a half starved condition. Back numbers of the *Mail and Express* are cheap, but they are not nutritious. Old copies of *LIFE* give cheerfulness and vigor to a weary mind, but even *LIFE* could not fill a heart with sunshine that is supported by an absolutely empty stomach. Besides, if these horses were fed on *LIFE*, they might show too much spirit and make unpleasant remarks about their owners.

The horses of the Paris omnibuses are plump, well curried, and a pleasure to the eye. The Fifth Avenue Stage Co. buys the cheapest animals it can find, then overworks them on a starvation diet until they drop from exhaustion.

This is cheaper than oats.

HASSETT: I gave my seat to a girl in the bridge cars this morning.

FASSETT: Did she thank you?

HASSETT: No, she didn't have time. She fainted.



REASON ENOUGH.

"BUT WHY DID THEY BREAK OFF THE MATCH AT THE LAST MOMENT?"

"OH, THE COLOR OF HIS HAIR KILLED EVERYTHING IN HER TROUSSEAU."



SAINT VALENTINE'S MORNING IN PARADISE PARK.

BOOKISHNESS

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT CARLYLE.

THE attitude which a part of the present generation has taken toward Thomas Carlyle is expressed by one of them in the remark: "Carlyle! He was a naughty boy sitting on the curbstone and throwing mud at the procession of civilization as it went by, and spitting at the most conspicuous persons."

That is an undignified characterization of a great figure in the literature of half a century, but the very impertinence of it shows how far removed are his ideas from some that are now held by intelligent people. What these moderns resent in Carlyle is his worship of individualism, when, to their way of thinking, the only phenomena worth observing are social, and the only progress possible comes through the aggregation of individuals which we call society. Why, they ask, should two or three fortunate individuals be exalted by Carlyle to the rank of demi-gods, and all others be ridiculed and classed with the fools? Are not all equally a part of the great evolutionary force which is termed humanity, in whose progress individual men and women are counted as atoms? They are neither heroes nor fools, as Carlyle would have it, but in the aggregate all are worthy of consideration as helping toward the general result. These are the ideas which Benthamism, Darwinism, and democracy have produced. In contrast with them, Carlyle stands for Hebraism and Oligarchy.

It is too large a question for a modest pulpit, but an open mind will probably come to the conclusion that the best hope of democracy lies in an individualism which is not very different from Carlyle's.

* * *

Carlyle's ideas are unexpectedly brought into view by the publication, for the first time, of his "Lectures on the History of Literature" (Scribner), from the very full notes of a London barrister who heard them delivered in 1838.

It is hard to see how any one can object to this publication because it is not Carlyle verbatim. The lectures are full of sentences which no one but Carlyle could have written, and the rest of the text, though evidently planed of many of his mannerisms, is still conspicuously a clear and accurate digest of his utterances. The closest student of Carlyle must feel that, while not all of his color is in these lectures, yet no extraneous color has been introduced.

The very breadth of view which compels him to put a century in a single chapter brings out definitely the essentials of his philosophy. He was a mature man when he spoke these lectures, at the very height of his powers, and here are his deliberate judgments on the great movements in literature.

* * *

The stamp of Carlyle is shown most unmistakably in the following estimates of great men which we have noted in these pages:

"Æschylus I define to have been a truly gigantic man, one of the largest characters ever known, and all whose movements are clumsy and huge, like those of a son of Anak."

"There is no word of life in Socrates! He was, however, personally a coherent and firm man."

"Æneas is a lachrymose sort of man altogether. He is introduced in the middle of a storm, but instead of handling the tackle and doing what he can for the ship, he sits still, groaning over his misfortunes."

"Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare—one really cannot add another great name to these! Theirs were the utterances out of the great heart of nature, sincere outpourings of the mind of man!"

"Luther is the image of a large, substantial, deep man that stands upon truth, justice, fairness, that fears nothing, considers the right, and calculates on nothing else."

"Erasmus is not to be named by the side of Luther; a mere writer of poems, a litterateur."

"Shakespeare is the best illustration we could have of what I am always talking about, consciousness and unconsciousness. The things great and deep in him he seems to have no notion of at all."

YOU'VE NOTICED IT, PERHAPS.



"No great man ever felt so great a consciousness as Milton."
"Dean Swift, a man entirely deprived of his natural nourishment, but of great robustness."
Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

THAÏS. By Anatole France. Chicago: Nile C. Smith Publishing Company.

A Pair of Originals. By E. Ward. New York: Macmillan and Company.

Ciphers. By Ellen Olney Kirk. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Just a Moment, Please. Thoughts of M. de la Noue. New York: The De Vinne Press.

Jacqueminot. By Harriet Louise Husted. Boston: Collins Press.

The Century Magazine. Volume XLII., May to October, 1891. New York: The Century Company.

LIKED IT BETTER THAT WAY.

CUSTOMER: I got a bottle of cod liver oil here yesterday that you said you had disguised so that no one would know it. I have brought it back.

DRUGGIST: Why, isn't it all right?

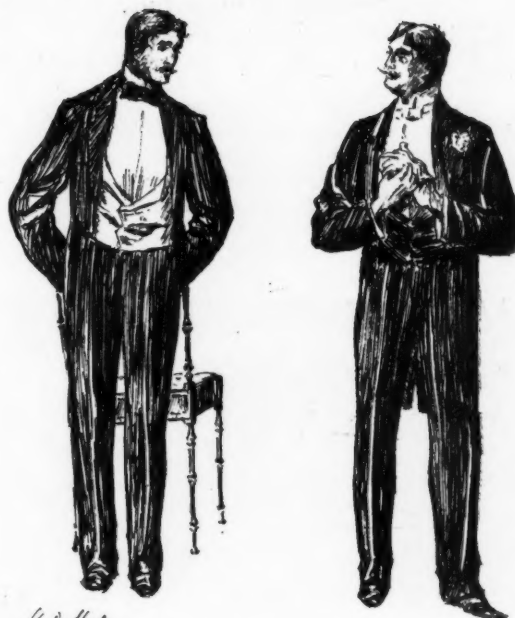
CUSTOMER: No; Give me a bottle without any disguise.

THE NEW CLERGYMAN: As you have answered the first three questions of the catechism correctly, now tell me what God made on the fourth day?

LITTLE GIRL: I don't know.

N. C.: What do we drink?

LITTLE GIRL: Beer and whiskey.



N. D. Hale.

"EXCUSE ME, BUT DO YOU COME FROM BOSTON?"

"WELL, YES; THAT IS, AS OFTEN AS I CAN."

ENCOURAGEMENT.

CLEVERTON: You know, it's a funny thing, but every time I've called on Miss Pinkerly lately, she has been out.

DASHAWAY (*brightly*): Well, never mind, old man. Come around with me some time.

IT WAS ALL RIGHT.

HOTEL CLERK: Is this thousand dollar bill the smallest thing you have about you?

DEPARTING GUEST: I am afraid it is.

CLERK (*to bell boy*): Here, take this bill out to one of the waiters and ask him to change it.



THE POET'S VALENTINE.

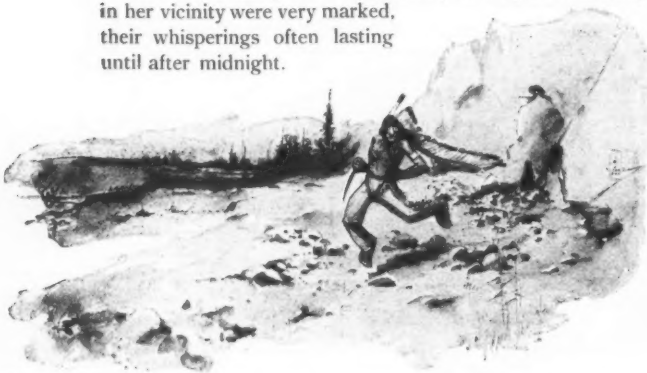
HE wrote a valentine in dainty verse,
 And she, though pleased, regretted he should spend
 The time on her; knowing full well his purse
 Was lighter than his rhymes. But in the end
 It was the same, for though he never told it,
 The mercenary fellow went and sold it.

LIFE'S FAIRY TALES.



FAR away in the Idaho country, at a place where the prairie and the forest meet, there stands a lofty Pine. Although surrounded by many sisters, all of imposing beauty, she is easily the belle of the neighborhood, from the richness of her coloring and the perfect symmetry of her limbs. In earliest youth her natural dignity and ease of manner were the envy of much older trees.

All pines have pleasant voices, but hers has qualities unknown to others. And when the Westwind lingers among the branches, there comes a murmuring music that steals away the senses and lulls the listener to a drowsy ecstasy. They were great friends, this pine tree and the Westwind. It was breathed along the forest that friendship was too cold a name for it, and young pines would wink and nudge each other when they saw him coming. Although the mighty traveler flirted freely with every beauty in his path, the delays in her vicinity were very marked, their whisperings often lasting until after midnight.



"THE WHITE MEN CAME AND DROVE AWAY THE RED ONES."

As time went on the white men came and drove away the red ones, and, then out upon the prairie, a dozen miles away, they began a town beside the river. Then a settler came and built a house, laying out his farm close up against the forest. He fell upon the timber, slaying many trees, until at last he stood beside the anxious belle, and sent his axe into the trunk. A quiver as of farewell to life sped upward to her topmost boughs. The shuddering murmur among her branches was like a prayer for pity. In response another gash was opened in the bark. But here the Westwind gently fanned the chopper's face and besought him to forego his work.

The only answer was a swinging blow, and the axe was nearly buried in the quivering trunk. At this the mighty traveler felt within him a force and fury he had never known before. Whirling savagely about he threw himself against the destroyer and commanded him to stop. The man was surprised at this cavoring of the elements, but again he raised his axe, and again the steel struck deep into the yellow wood. With an angry cry, something like a wail, but more like a roar, the Westwind wheeled about and swept across the plain. He loosened the roof of the chopper's dwelling as he hurried by and scattered his fence rails far and near. Drawing himself together to occupy as little space as possible, he bounded with unheard of leaps over the prairie and across the river, past the town and out into the open country. Then he circled savagely about, and, rearing himself aloft for hundreds of feet in a whirling, tumultuous tempest, darkening the earth, until it seemed as if the night had come, he started on his errand. Unearthly were the shrieks of the rushing air.

Rising high into the clouds, he fell like a thunderbolt upon the earth, and it quivered beneath the shock. With irregular, gigantic, frightful bounds he rushed toward the startled town, which, lying in his path, he hurled in splinters about the prairie. The mayor was landed behind a stable nearly a mile from where the cyclone struck him. For a brief period the air was



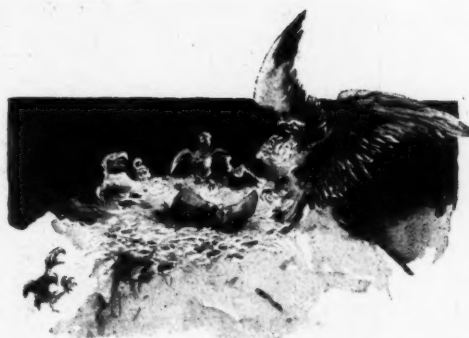


THE MAYOR.

laden with prominent citizens. A railway train, just entering the town and bearing some well-known capitalists from the East, rose bodily from the bridge, then plunged into the river's mud. But these were details in which the Westwind took little interest, and they caused him no delay. With one more bound he was half way from the splintered city to the forest. The farmer, who had long since dropped his axe, now scurried toward his house, believing, correctly, the day of reckoning had come. Before his eyes, as he ran, the house and family, the outbuildings, fences, cattle, carts, and hens, all shot into the air, like water up a fountain. A second later the whirlwind caught him. Of his sensations there is no record; of the rate at which he traveled, or the length of his journey, there is no human knowledge. It is believed, by those who loved him, that he went straight to Heaven. If



"THE AIR WAS LADEN WITH PROMINENT CITIZENS."



THE SURPRISE ON EAGLE MOUNTAIN.

so he entered in his stocking feet, as one boot came flying through the window of a school-house fifteen miles away, and the other was discovered on the summit of Eagle mountain.

* * * * *

Time has covered over the gashes in the Pine. If you lie upon the brown carpet at her feet she will tell you the story, while the Westwind, who is sure to be fooling among the branches, murmurs a protest against figuring as a hero.

J. A. Mitchell.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

DICKY: Wh-what's the mattah, old fellah? You look weally develish!

CHOLLY: Feel that way, old chappie—been wejected.

DICKY: You don't mean it? Why, I introduced you to her myself. When was it?

CHOLLY: Lawst evening. I came right back to town—fellahs all saw my hair was wumpled and feared I'd do something violent, don't you know—so they sent for the police. They didn't dare stay in the room with me. Policeman came in and looked at me. Then he said that he'd need reinforcements; heard him swear awfully. He went back to the station, but I guess the reinforcements were afraid, for they never came.

DICKY: Pwomise me not to commit suicide, old chappie.

CHOLLY: I've been waiting for you to make me pwomise that, old fellah. If you hadn't I'd have done it, sure.

DICKY: Awfully lucky I came in.

CHOLLY: Saved my life.

DICKY: What are you going to do about it, deah boy? Of course you must do something.

CHOLLY: Going to wevenge myself. Told her so—fwtiwened her to death, I assuah you.

DICKY: How are you going to do it?

CHOLLY: Going to wait till she is engaged to some one, and then I'm going to cut him.

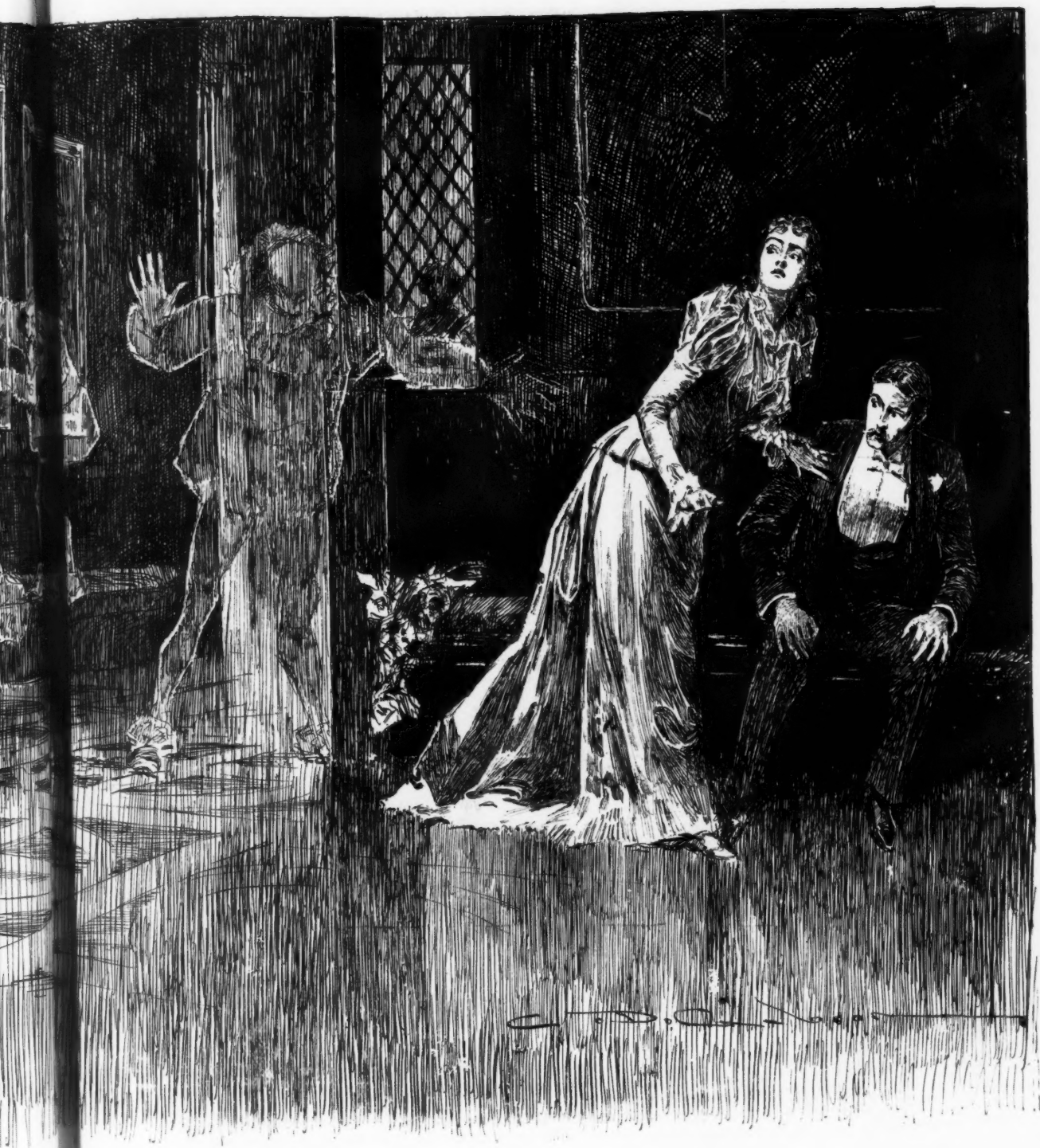
DICKY: What, with a knife?

CHOLLY: O deah me, no. Just cut him.

DICKY: O that will be awful.



FEBRUARY FOUR
MIDNIGHT CELEBRATION ON THE I



FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH.

WIGHT CELEBRATION IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

PENELOPE DISCUSSETH THE STAGE.

"PEN," said Daisy Tolliver, one morning after they had become tired of talking about their *fiancés* and their dresses, "do you think it's easy to get on the stage?" The girls all think Pen a walking encyclopedia, you know.

"Of course it is," replied Pen with a contemptuous sniff. "If Jack ever dies and papa fails and mamma loses her money, I'm going on the stage myself, some day. It's easy enough."

"How would you go about it, Pen?" continued the interested Daisy.

"Well, the first thing to do is to get the money. Of course Uncle Tom or Aunt Hattie would get that for me. I don't suppose it would take much, not over thirty or forty thousand dollars, for you see all the people who come to see the play have to pay so much and that helps out on the expenses. Then, the next most important thing is to get a manager."

"What do you have to have a manager for?"

"Why, he takes care of the money and sees that you don't get cheated, and gets you talked about in the clubs, and the papers, and all that sort of thing. O, he's more necessary than the money. It's awfully hard to get a manager, but if you have money enough you usually can. Then you choose what plays you want to play in. I would prefer to play in such plays as Bernhardt does myself, because then if you succeed you're much greater than if you play in the other kinds of plays. Then you choose your company, or the manager does it for you, only I should insist on choosing my own leading man, for I would want him to be very handsome. I would choose Mr. Barrymore or Mr. Kelcey, myself, and the manager would have to get them for me or I would get into a rage."

"O-o-o-o," said the now thoroughly delighted Daisy, "wouldn't it be splendid, wouldn't it. How I should envy you!"

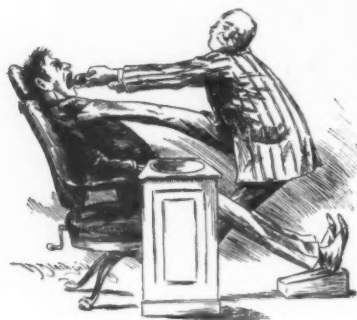
"Well, that would be all that there was to it except to learn the parts, and that would be easy enough. Of course I wouldn't do them just exactly as Bernhardt does, for I would want to show the critics



THE DIFFERENCE.

"SO THAT DISTINGUISHED LOOKING LADY IS YOUR WIFE, EH?"

"NO. I'M THAT DISTINGUISHED LOOKING LADY'S HUSBAND."



"A MAN WITH A PULL."



"HERE'S A LETTER FROM POOR CARRIE. SHE AND HER HUSBAND BOTH WANT A DIVORCE AND NEITHER CAN GET IT."

"WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"HE, UNKNOWN TO HER, WAS ABOUT TO ELOPE WITH THE GOVERNESS, JUST AS SHE, UNKNOWN TO HIM, WAS ABOUT TO ELOPE WITH HIS SECRETARY: THEY MET IN THE DARK AND ELOPED WITH EACH OTHER."

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK.



A LEAP YEAR INCIDENT.

"ANNE MARIAR, HAVE YOU MADE MANY PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE YET?"

"NOT MANY; BUT THE YEAR IS STILL YOUNG."

that a girl can be original even though she is poor, or I mean a rich American girl."

"Is that all you would have to do, Pen?"

"Of course it is."

"Well, that's lots easier than I thought."

"Pshaw!" said Pen. "It's as easy as pie."

Tom Hall.

THE LOVER'S MESSAGE.

GO, Valentine! Seek out the maid,

To me than life more dear;

Invoke St. Cupid's kindly aid,

And whisper in her ear

The message that I give to thee;

Put forth thy utmost art—

Win, if thou canst, her fancy free,

And touch her maiden heart.

Tell her that from its stedfast love

There's naught my soul can stir;

Swear by yon glorious sun above

I'm true till death, to her.

Tell her no blot my 'scutcheon

mars,

No spot nor taint of shame;

From sires who bore a patriot's

scars

I trace an honored name.

With gifts that wisest mortals seek—

Tell her my cup o'erflows;

Health lights my eye, and on my cheek

Youth—fresh and ruddy, glows.

But should she still unyielding prove,

E'en then do not despair;

Tell her—her heart 'twill surely move—

That I'm a millionaire. R. H. Titherington.



FEBRUARY 7, 1841.

THE UNITED STATES BANK SUSPENDS PAYMENT.



FEBRUARY 10, 1840.

MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA TO ALBERT OF SAXE COBURG.



FEBRUARY 14, B. C.

ADAM WRITING THE FIRST VALENTINE.

AGENT: I have a patent gas burner here that closes automatically when the flame is blown out.

HOTEL-KEEPER: What do I want with it? My brother is the coroner.



A CRUSTY old bachelor, not liking the way his landlady's daughter had of appropriating his hair-oil, filled his bottle with liquid glue the day before the ball to which the girl was invited. She stayed at home.—*Exchange.*

FONTENELLE, when ninety years old, passed before Mme. Helvetius without perceiving her. "Ah!" cried the old lady; "that is your gallantry, then? To pass before me without even looking at me!"

"If I had looked at you, madame," replied the old beau, "I could never have passed you at all."—*Argonaut.*

MRS. BLINKS: Where in the world is Mr. Blinks's revolver? I forgot to take it from under his pillow this morning.

NEW GIRL (a recent arrival): What's it like, mum?

MRS. BLINKS: It's about so long, with a crook at one end, and it's bright, like silver.

NEW GIRL: I don't know, mum, unless it's that thing little Tommy is hammerin' tacks wid.—*Good News.*

A DOCTOR finds it difficult sometimes to secure for the patient the quiet necessary for his recovery. One doctor, however, was equal to the emergency. The fussy, worrying wife of a man who was ill came up to him as he was leaving the house, asking: "Oh, doctor, how is he? How is he to-day?"

"Above everything, he must positively have quiet, so I have written out a prescription here for a couple of opium powders," replied the doctor.

"When shall he take them? When shall I give them to him?"

"Him?" said the doctor. "I've prescribed them for you."—*Exchange.*

A LADY belonging to a community called the "Sisters of St. John the Baptist," in New York City, was spending a month, not long since, in one of our backwoods districts. Going to the post-office shortly after her arrival, she asked if any letter had come for Sister Bernardine. The rural postmaster looked bewildered for a moment. "Sister who?" he asked.

"Sister Bernardine," repeated the lady, "a sister of St. John the Baptist."

"Well, I should rather think not," replied the man, with an uproarious laugh; "I guess he's been dead pretty near a hundred years, now."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Chapping,
Chafing, Dandruff,
Odors from Perspiration.
Speedy Relief by Using

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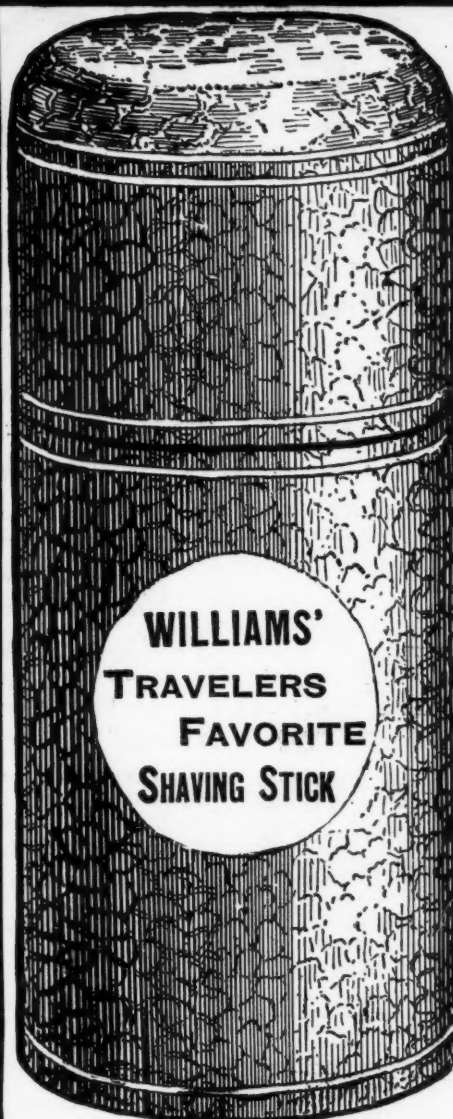


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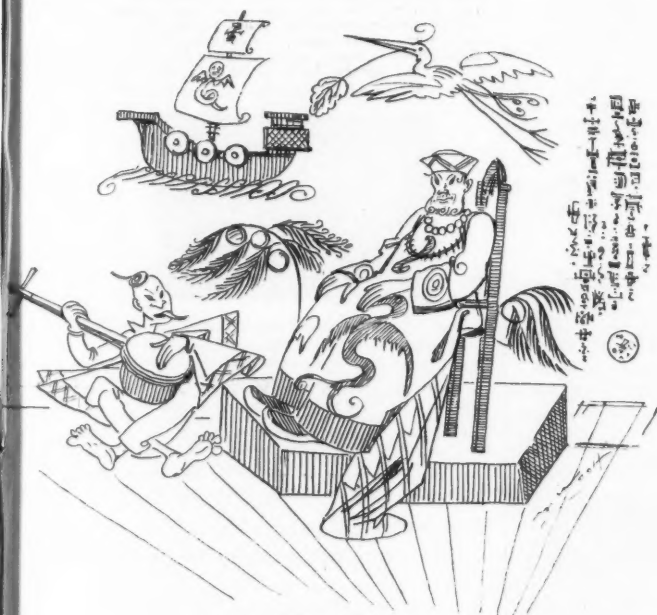
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We translate the hieroglyphs on the right for the benefit of our readers.

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Emperor (moodily): SING WHAT THOU WILT!

Minstrel (in great glee): COMRADES, COMRADES, EVER SINCE WE WERE BOYS, ETC., ETC.



HIS CROSS.

Irate Father: GET OUT OF MY SIGHT: YOU LAZY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING IDIOT!

Son: AW—YES—IT'S WELL FOR YOU TO TALK THAT—AW—VULGAR WAY TO ME—ME WHOM YOU HAVE DISGWACED IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY ALL ME LIFE.

Father (indignantly): DISGRACED YOU, YOU FOOL, HOW?

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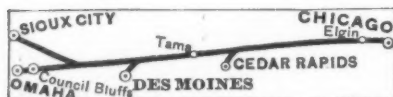
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